

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

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NO. 47.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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W. P. WALTON.

Please examine the label on which your name is printed and remit us the amount you owe if you are in arrears.

HALLS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

A large number of the young people will take in the concert at Bowland Saturday night.

Corn crops in this locality present rather a poor appearance owing to the excessive hot weather and an insufficient amount of rain at the proper time.

Rev. C. C. Green closed his meeting Sunday night and left Monday for his home in Louisville. Ten additions to the Baptist Church are the fruits of his labor.

The negroes are having quite a big revival at their church on top of the knobs. Elks, Grangers and Owles of the Christian church, are doing the preaching and it is said that they have persuaded lots of impious darkness to forsake the errors of their way and flee from the wrath to come. Some of the white folks went to hear them preach last night, just to gratify their curiosity, and one old gentleman who is considered good authority on religious matters, says that he heard a sermon "preached exclusively from the bible, something I haven't heard for years."

Mrs. D. W. Dierstraet, of Jessamine county, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. N. W. Sampson. Mrs. Vick Ingram, of Louisville, and Mrs. Green, of Junction City, are guests of Mrs. Joe C. Hill. A. T. Martin is absent at Waynesburg attending the association. Jim M. Fields, who was so low with typhoid fever at the time of our last report, is improving under the skillful attention of Dr. Steve Bailey. The numerous friends Miss Nora Linn will regret to learn that she has decided to return to her home near Mt. Vernon Saturday. Misses Malie and Adie Martin are visiting friends at St. Louis.

CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS.—The way to get the better of the bilious system without fine pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three "emone," as appetizers, in as much water or make a pleasant tea to drink with sugar before going to bed. In the morning, on rising, at least half an hour before going to breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile with efficiency, without any of the weakening effects of calomel. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemon juice, the powerful acid of the juice which is almost most corrosive, invariably produces inflammation after a while, but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its medical work without harm, and, when the stomach is clear of food, has abundant opportunity to work over the system thoroughly.—[Medical News.]

SENSIBLE TALK.—The negroes of New York have in the Freeman an organ in which is edited with ability and good sense. "Let us be manly and consistent," says the editor, to his colored constituency. "We have rendered no service. If we are anxious to have the advantages of democratic victories, we must help the democrats to win them. To say that Mr. Cleveland has been inconsistent towards us because he has not appointed or retained in high place colored republicans is highly ridiculous and absurd." The man who writes in this strain has in him the mark of a good doctor. We commend his utterances to the niggers who do the retention in office of men who not only refuse to help democracy, but do all they can to oppose it.—Missouri Republics.

PAPER SHOES.—An Englishman has patented a process of manufacturing slippers, sandals, and even common shoes out of paper. Paper pulp, or paper mache, is employed for the upper, which is molded to the desired form and size, and a sole is provided made of paper or paste-board, leather-board, or other suitable paper material, which is united to the upper by means of cement, glue, or other adhesive material. The upper is creased, unbosomed, or perforated at the instep and sides, rendering it somewhat pliable, and preventing its cracking while in use.

Prof. Wiley, of the Agricultural Department, says the manufacture of glucose began twelve years ago, and now twenty establishments, in every State, are engaged in its production, involving a capital of \$10,000,000 and a capacity to consume 61,000 bushels of corn a day, giving employment to 4,575 men, paying annually \$2,055,750 wages, constituting material worth \$13,700,000 and yielding a product worth \$18,270,000.

A SEVERE TEST.—A Salvation Army officer in Delaware has an original way of proving the wickedness of this world. Towards the end of his address he always says: "If there is ever Christian in this assembly let him hold up his hand and I will go home with him and spend the night." Large to say, no Christian has yet been known to hold up his hand.—[Baltimore American.]

FONTAINE FOX BOBBITT.

We asked Representative-elect Bobbitt yesterday to give us his biography, which he did as follows:

He said he was born 300 years after the noble art of printing was invented, at Padua, in the county of Pulaski, State of Kentucky. His father was John Bobbitt, a grand old Virginian gentleman of vast reading and most extensive information, who was a Major under the old militia law of Kentucky—he held several minor offices in Pulaski and came to 3 votes of being the Honorable Berry Smith for the Legislature. My father was a man of the purest morals of any man I ever saw. He most earnestly endeavored to instill into the hearts of his two boys the same love and practice of morality. He succeeded so well in myself that I neither chew tobacco, smoke, drink whisky, gamble in any form, use profane language, and in all respects my moral education is like the untroubled snow upon Mount Sinai and as pure as the diamonds that glitter upon its icy surface. If morality alone would serve as a passport to heaven, when I knocked at the portals of the New Jerusalem "Heaven would open wide her ever during gate, harmonious sound on golden bingshing morning," and if morality would bid a man in obtaining office the door of the capital would open of its own accord wherever I declared myself as a candidate for the legislature. But it is otherwise—the conduct of the moral man is a continual rebuke to the immoral—hence the enmity of the latter to the former. My mother was the widow Hays, daughter of Thomas Stigall, of "Stigall Ferry." The renowned Coleman Stigall, who was foully murdered in Pulaski at his home at the close of the war, was her oldest brother. Her mother was a Harris, a sister of ex Governor, United States Senator Isaac G. Harris, of Tennessee.

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DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

As this report closes (12 M., Tuesday) a good soaking soil much needed rain is falling.

Sells Bros' circus is to be here the 31 of next. It is a railroad circus and has its own cars.

Mr. S. H. Weatherford and Miss Emily W. Whitehouse obtained license to marry on the 10th inst.

The Institute adjourned

to Danville and will meet again to consider its credit before voting on the motion to adjourn.

Editor A. J. Ryan will preach at the Catholic church Sunday morning and night when a large congregation may be expected.

The Standard and Herald will close Wednesday evening.

—The colored Baptist Association is still in session and will adjourn until Sunday and night. A large number of ministers and other delegates are in attendance.

Centre College and the Preparatory Department thereof will open promptly on the 2nd of September. Prof. J. B. Walton, of the Prep. Inst. is your correspondent that his school will be full.

There is to be a Clay Pigeon tournament here on the 23d inst., under the management of the Danville Gun Club. There are five "events" with valuable and useful prizes for the winners in each.

—The following named attorneys from a distance are at the circuit court at this place this week: R. C. Warren, Commonwealth's attorney; Judge J. W. Alcorn, M. C. Sarley and M. Peyton, Stanford; Col. W. O. Bradley and Sam M. Birdsell; Lancaster; Col. T. Z. Morrow and O. H. Weddel, Somerset; W. L. Brown, W. H. Ramsey, G. M. Jones, Joe Craft and Judge G. W. Johnson, London; Judge Hamon, Williamsburg; Will Beppert, Liberty, and Geo. M. Davidson, of Stanford, who contemplates locating at this place for the purpose of practicing his profession. The summer term of the Rockcastle circuit court opened last Monday with his Honor, Judge M. H. Desley, on the bench. He delivered the grand jury the clearest and most intelligent instructions that ever been delivered to a grand jury of this county. The only case of importance that has been tried was that of the commonwealth vs. Rice, for the killing of Wick Roberts. Jury brought in verdict of "not guilty." The Plea case was continued till next court. Joe Frazer was fined \$50 each in two cases for selling whisky and two other persons received the same fine. The grand jury has reported about 10 indictments up to this time.

—Wakeland & Hudmon sold last week to Martin Thompson & Co., of New Orleans, 12,116 lbs. of salt at \$165. To same parties 4 Southern horses for \$100 to \$175 each.

Same to Henry Wammert, of Hawkesville, Ga., 3 Southern roosters at \$150. Same firm bought this week from Mercer County parties 4 Southern chickens at \$80, \$110, \$120 and \$130.

To same 3 Pekin hens at from \$160 to \$210.

Mr. Waterman shipped the horses above alluded to and 15 others to his home in Ga., on Wednesday.

—There was a rather remarkable legal

investigation at Shelby City Tuesday before his liquor, Judge Moore and a jury.

Linda Wallace and Newton Bell were charged

with violating the peace, but the proof

showed them to have been guilty of violating the 7th commandment.

The jury however found the defendants guilty and fined them \$10 each.

Col. J. Spalding, Esq.,

prosecuted and Messrs. J. C. McFerran and

J. W. Yerkes defended. The eloquence of

the lawyers was at times to have been

sublime.

—Miss Emma Weisgar has returned

from a visit to Mrs. Senator Vest, of Sedalia, Mo. Miss Mattie Seead, of Lexington, is here visiting her. Mr. James H. Outer

and family have arrived from Louisville

and are now occupying their new home

recently purchased from Mrs. R. E. Jones,

Miss Agnes Samuel, who has been quite ill

at the residence of her cousin, Mrs. C. S. Jackson, in the country, has recovered suf-

ciently to be able to come to town, where

she is now with Mrs. H. E. Samuel. Mrs.

H. E. Woolfolk and children have returned

from Chautauqua.

How to Eat a Watermelon.—Very few people know how to eat a watermelon, just as not one man in ten thousand knows how to eat an orange. To properly enjoy the perfect watermelon should be pointed on the patch just after sun up. It should be carefully selected. In response to a nager thump there should follow a deal and melty sound, and the melon should not weigh less than twenty-five pounds. After it is pulled it should be split from end to end with a short-bladed pocket-knife, so as not to tear it open the glowing and juicy heart, bursting loose from its confinement, will find a lodgment on one side only. At this point the knife is to be thrust away. For a moment the eye should be allowed to feast itself on the vision thus suddenly brought to view, then the heart should be scooped out with the hand and its juicy meat thrust upon the hot and thirsty palate. There ought to be something savage in the enjoyment of a watermelon; it ought to be crushed and swallowed with avidity. The man who knows how to enjoy one will come away from the fray with the sweets in his hand, in his hair and on his clothes.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

SMALL MATTERS.—The nerve of the tooth, not as large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make a navy to flounder, is the work of worms. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from petty trials. A chance look from one we love often produces exquisite pain or unusual pleasure.

The giraffe is the most valuable animal

exhibited. Little ones, from five to ten

feet high, are estimated to be worth from

\$2,500 to \$5,000. Large ones bring \$10,000 and those from 16 to 20 feet cost from

\$15,000 to \$25,000.

Confectioners have about one church to every two thousand persons, but if one should look into a church on Sunday night, he would conclude that there were about two thousand churches to every person.—[Merchandise Traveler.]

ARE YOU MADE MISERABLE by Indiges-

tion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appete-

Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive

cure for Cancer, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth.

For sale by Penny & McAllister.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Managed by W. F. Fish.

The long and much needed rain began falling last night.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., August 14, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

The Madison county people do not like a rule that works both ways. Last year the Board of Equalization reduced their assessment for taxation and they thought it a splendid machine. This year it increased the assessment twenty-five per cent, upon land, fifteen per cent, upon town lots, and twenty-nine per cent, upon personality, whereupon an indignation meeting was called and the action of the board condemned in the strongest terms. They demand that the law establishing the board be amended so if can not be done then they are for its repeal. They further resolved to seek all honorable and legal means to secure a reduction of the assessment, which they consider grossly unjust and oppressive and violative of every principle of equality in taxation.

The South isn't exactly in the saddle, says the Louisville Times, but her great corn, cotton and grape crop of this year of grace will put her on her feet once more, and in the race of material progress she will henceforth keep step with the music of the Union. "Let them keep their horses," said Grant to Lee's ragged rebels as they laid down their arms, "they will need them for their crops." An equestrian statue of Gen. Grant upon a pedestal of cotton bales bearing the above legend would be an appropriate memorial from the States composing the late unlamented Confederacy. Such a monument in Riverside Park would have a world of meaning to all the world.

The Owensboro Messenger, which presented better and clearer arguments for a new constitution than any paper in the State, is disheartened at the result and says: "At the present rate of progress the constitution of Kentucky will be changed in about one thousand years. The framers of the present constitution attempted to reconstruct it forever on the people, and right well did they do their work. Unless a sovereignty convention is called we will plod along the remainder of our lives, and several generations that are to follow us will do likewise, under the old slavery constitution."

My adulation has turned the head of Gen. Johnston. Not content with abusing Jeff Davis some time ago, he now comes to the front to say that Stonewall Jackson was a good division commander, but as a department commander he was not a brilliant success, as he failed to approve himself a strategist. Ye gods and little furies. The presumption of some men is appalling. Johnston's forte lay in his "masterly retreat;" Jackson made the other fellows retreat, and strategy or no strategy, the enemy rarely ever surmounted the stone wall that he presented against their advances.

The Louisville Commercial's review of the latest report of the State Commissioner of Agriculture is one of the most amusing things we have read in a long time. The author of the report shows such an originality of thought and perspicuity of sentiment that his productions deserve to be embalmed in more enduring encasement than in a paper bound pamphlet; and when he and his useless office ought to be permitted to go along with the Board of Equalization and the Railroad Commission out of existence.

RETURNS from 102 counties give Tate 94,731; Fox 33,659; Tate's majority 61,072. The kickers against the manner of his nomination helped to swell this grand majority, though the reverse was their intention.

The Frankfort Yeoman wants to know, "Which is the willius wallius of the Times—Emmett Logau or Polk Johnson?" We should say that one is the one and the other is the other.

TAX per capita for white and colored school children for the next year will be \$165, an increase of ten cents over last year.

Tax next Legislature will consist of 116 democrats and 22 republicans, a republican gain of six.

Helen Hunt Jackson, the authoress, is dead at San Francisco, of cancer.

Commissioner Miller rules that chewing tobacco shall not be packed in pails.

Henry Greene, colored, will be hanged at Cynthiaville to-day and it will be the first legal execution ever in Boyd county.

The average number of pupils at the public schools last year was 16,205. The cost was \$18.16 each, against \$19.95 for the previous year.

The Kansas Supreme Court has been called upon to decide a point probably never before raised. It seems that when the jury went out one of the members proposed to open their deliberations with prayer, and therupon proceeded to pray "long and loud." The verdict was against the defendant, whereupon his lawyer moved to set it aside on the ground of "undue influence exercised by one of the jurors by means of public prayer in the jury room."

A French statistician calculates that two thousand five hundred and forty kings and emperors have reigned over sixty-four empires and nations. Three hundred, he records, were dethroned, and sixty-four, finding the misery of a throne unbearable, resigned the position. Twenty-four tired of life as well as power, committed suicide. Twelve became insane. A hundred were slain in battle, one hundred and twenty-three were made prisoners through the fortunes of war. Twenty-five perished as martyrs, a hundred and fifty-one were assassinated, and a hundred and eight were executed after a legal trial.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

The great Louisville Exposition opens tomorrow.
There are now 595 patients in the Lexington Asylum.
Fire in Frankfort destroyed property valued at \$54,000.
A 25 lb. baby is the latest achievement of a Georgia woman.
Lord Houghton, the poet and critic, is dead. He was born June 19, 1800.
Collector Atilla Cox has assigned four colored men to duty in the Louisville district.
Twenty-six convicts have escaped from the Eddyville penitentiary within the last month.

Hon. Robert Mallory, an ex-member of Congress, died at his home near LaGrange Tuesday.

Conductor Holmes, of the L. & N., was killed Wednesday morning near Paducah, while coupling.

While resisting arrest, Jeff Phillips was shot and killed at Maysville, by Deputy Marshal Baughner.

Fortown precinct, this county, didn't give Fox, the candidate for State Treasurer, a single vote.—[Richmond Herald.]

A fourteen-year-old boy in Clark measures 6 feet, 1½ inches. He'll be as tall as a horse by the time he gets done growing.

Thos. Greer, a route agent, is in jail at Gainesville, Ga., for opening the letters a young lady had returned to her sweet.

At Vilarica, Ga., Richard Hindsman (colored), who was guilty of insulting a white lady, was given 300 lashes by indignant white citizens.

The distillery of Stoll, Clay & Co., of Lexington, which few years ago was erected at a cost of \$50,000, was sold to Richard Stoll for \$10,000.

At Findlay, O., a bottle containing hard cider, burst in the hands of Mrs. Rachel Struble, piece of the glass cutting her jugular vein and killing her.

While painting the dial of the clock on the tower of a church at Grand Rapids, Mich., John Fox and Fred Schurer were thrown to the ground and killed.

The largest number of telegraphic messages ever received and sent in a single day was 83,170, which the Western Union handled in New York last Saturday.

An Erie, Pa., special eye: Mrs. Frauke Morris, who was yesterday found guilty of the murder of her mother, was married last evening to Harvey D. Copeland, of Wichita.

James W. Marshal, the discoverer of gold in California, died Monday at his home near Placerville. He was 74 years old and died a poverty stricken and disappointed man.

The Illinois Secretary of State has issued a certificate of incorporation to the Grant Club of Chicago, the stated object of which is "to maintain the principles of the republican party."

Several children were poisoned at Louisville by eating ice that had been packed around a dead body. The undertaker had thrown the ice into the street where the children found it.

A cablegram from London says: The cholera alarm is growing here. There was a genuine case at Bristol. It is coming through the North of France. There have been over 50,000 deaths in Spain.

Maxwell, who murdered Preller in the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, early in the spring, and who was arrested in New Zealand, has arrived in San Francisco, en route for the scene of the crime for trial.

During the last fiscal year, the L. & N., after the payment of the interest on the bonded debt, providing for the sinking fund and defraying all fixed charges, finds its net earnings amounted to \$163,000.

The New York World announces that the task which it undertook five months ago to raise by popular subscription \$100,000 for the completion of the Statue of Liberty pedestal is completed, \$102,000.39 having been contributed by 120,000 persons.

It is gratifying to Kentuckians that no Confederate General who helped to bury Grant was more cordially received nor noticed more courteously by the press than was Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Kentucky's soldierly representative among the pall-bearers.—[Lou. Times.]

The fall which supplied the West End Coal Company's mines at Mocanqua, Pa., with fresh air, broke Tuesday and ten men were suffocated. About 75 men were in the mine at the time; those repairing the fan were first to suffocate and were unconscious before the rest realized their danger.

The old sorrel horse ridden by Gen. Stonewall Jackson during the war has been taken to Richmond, Va., and turned over to the home for Ex-Confederates for safe keeping. The animal is about 31 years old. Many wanted him carried to New York to take his place in Gen. Grant's funeral procession, but it could not be arranged in time.

The new high-license law of Wisconsin, increasing the minimum rate of saloon license from \$75 to \$200, has now been in force three months, and returns from some one hundred towns in the State show that the aggregate number of saloons has been diminished by 257; that the aggregate amount of annual revenue is \$224,000 greater than last year, and the saloons generally are under better regulation.

The expenses of Gen. Grant's funeral foot up an enormous figure. In New York \$162,000 was paid for decorations, in Brooklyn \$75,000, and elsewhere throughout the country enough to make the total \$5,000,000. The actual funeral expenses were \$10,655; cost of temporary tomb, \$7,000; paid to four physicians \$6,000, share and share alike; work of making and putting up decorations, \$110,000; pail for seeing the procession, \$1,065.700, and estimated cost of monument, \$500,000, presenting a grand total of \$2,214,355.

GEO. O. BARNES.

Naples, Its Beauties, Cause of Scourge, &c.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, June 27th, 1885.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

When we could detach our fascinated gaze from the terrible volcano, we began to notice that we were running rapidly through a great market garden, that supplies the daily wants of the half-million souls, who constitute the population of beautiful Naples. Luxuriant abundance of everything that will grow, is the marked feature of these fertile plains that stretch out at the base of Vesuvius-type of the glorious harvest that shall spring from the malice and wrath of Satan against our race.

"Out of the ester comes forth meat, out of the strong sweetness," is the riddle of grace, then and now. Out of the showers of desolating ashes from the bowels of satan's volcano, God's LOVE has prepared a soil of varied fertility that amazes one, accustomed to the one or two crops of our colder soils.

At first sight, it seemed the very recklessness of agriculture—the very same ground crops of vegetables crowding the surface; while fruit trees—chiefly figs—furnished trellises for grapevines to struggle over all. But the generous soil does not fail to respond to this wholesale demand upon its fertile vigor, and all three do well, where in our cultivation such a combination would secure the failure of all.

Dear Newberry tells me that 10 crops of the smaller vegetables—or "garden-stuff" are grown per annum, by the peasantry around Naples. These volcanic soils are almost incredibly prolific, and the cultivator banks upon it with an unlimited confidence that is never disappointed. Such pell-mell husbandry, yet ever successful, is seen nowhere else as in these favored regions.

Our early arrival at the station consigned us to an unpleasant ride to the hotel, for the brushing machines were making a horrible dust in the streets; and the closeness of a sleeping Naples, as stirred in various ways by the awakening of the great city to its diurnal life, is not pleasant. We drove as rapidly as possible through dust and stench, and soon came out into another world, facing the glorious Bay of Naples.

Dream No. 2 of Southern Italy, more than realized as the cool, morning air, fresh,

pure and bracing came over the noblest sheet of water on the planet, if the concensus of travelers is to be credited. Let me just add my mite of testimony to the rest.

No description or picture ever came up to the reality—because the beauty is of God and the feeble picture drawn by pen or pencil is from man. Artists may sketch and writers may spill ink, but the half will never be told of the exquisite beauty of "Golfo di Napoli."

The Hotel du Vesuve—where for 8 francs a day (2 less than Rome) we had most sumptuous quarters during our stay in Naples—faces the Bay, and our windows looked out over all its indescribable beauties. But the width of a noble street separated us from its rippling waters. A little to the right of the Centre of our hotel ran out a pier that terminated at the drawbridge of the circular Castello dell'Ovo—600 years a fortress and palace combined; perched upon a low, rocky isle; very picturesque, though not put to a very picture-esque use just now—being, in fact, a safe and commodious prison for offenders of a certain class. Its name is due to its oval shape.

We could step out on our fourth floor balcony and see Vesuvius too, which we were constantly doing after nightfall, marking how the lurid reflection from the fiery depths of the crater is thrown at regular intervals (say half a minute) upon the ascending column of smoke, giving it the appearance of a jet of dull red flame. Then darkness, till the old mountain draws another breath of fire.

These volcanic pustulations possess a terrible fascination for new comers; that soon wears away however. In 48 hours it seemed as natural to us as if we had been created at the hand of this outlet of the bottomless pit.

From this balcony's height, too, night after night, under the brilliant moonlight that fell to our happy lot while in beautiful Naples, we listened to the exquisite music of trained voices, with perfect accompaniment of guitar and violin, hour after hour.

As long as a few francs thrown down from the various balconies, urged to renewed exertions the patient and seemingly unwaried musicians, the delightful concert would go on, every night, until bed-time.

These ragged, black-bearded, care-free Neapolitans, seem to be ever basking in moonlight, and floating down the stream of time to the rhythm and melody of divinest music. They dance with an abandon of enjoyment that is quite infectious; they sing the same songs a thousand times, yet never mechanically. You can see the fresh stars beaming in their eyes, as if it were pronounced for the first time. Tailored and happy; graceful and dirty; artistic to the finger tips, yet unwashed and uncouth; these anomalies of humanity are a perfect study to a stranger. Nowhere touched me very deeply by saying: "One of these musicians, below, I know very well. He supports by these nightly concerts his aged father and mother with perhaps a sister or two; they are all entirely dependent on his voice and guitar."

I grudged no gratuity after hearing this, for the band that nightly assembled under our windows, and every franc I ratted down went with a good wish for the "old folks at home."

Our hotel was prettily ornamented from top to bottom with frescoes in the Pompeian style, the little butter pats upon our

plates had Vesuvius in bass relief and everything else volcanically suggestive. At Rome, Romulus and Remus sucking a she-wolf figured upon the butter, at the Hotel de Allemagne. How is this for "elegant and high art? Vesuvius on toast! Romulus and Remus with hot French rolls! The associations are rather overwhelming, are they not?

But let us take the days in order. After

a delicious breakfast, served in the very best style, in the grand banqueting hall of the Hotel du Vesuve, our dear chaperone and brother, Newberry—now at home; in his element; and thoroughly on his mettle to do the honors of his favorite city with the very best effects—engaged carriages and took us for a general drive of inspection through the business parts of Naples.

Then he showed the narrow, densely crowded streets, where the cholera last summer slew its thousands—"heaps upon heaps"—in numbers never exactly published or known perhaps. Looking at which I no longer wondered that in such festering filth and over crowding, the cholera revelled and raged. But I did wonder at the unadmitted courage of the intrepid king of Italy, who left his sumptuous palace at Rome, and not only personally threaded the noisome alleys, where the pestilence was doing its dreadful work; and personally visited the hospitals to see that all was

done for the poor sufferers that could be

done; but remained week after week in the infected city till the plague abated.

I know no grander exhibition of unselfish courage in modern or ancient times than this—shaming the cowardly—not a few—

among the political, medical and—I am sorry to add—clerical fraternities. And to the everlasting honor of his beautiful Queen be it recorded, that only by the strongest persuasion, amounting almost to personal durance, could she be prevailed upon to tarry at Rome—so urgent was her desire to share the peril with her gallant husband. I am glad I had the unspeakable honor of bowing low with uncovered head, to this peerless pair.

Newberry, commenting incisively and intelligently upon everything as we passed along, among other things gave us a legend of the pest, which I have never seen in print—as to its origin. He believes it fully. Just before the cholera broke out with almost unexampled fury, a priest dreamed of certain numbers drawing prizes in the state lottery, which distributes weekly its incentives to universal gambling. This dream getting into circulation, thousands, especially among the poor, invested in tickets and wonderful to relate the dream became a verity, and 2½ millions of francs were paid to Naples at the very next drawing. Again the priest dreamed to the same intent the following week, again the poorest invested and again one million of francs came to Naples. Then the people went mad in revelry and debauchery. They feasted and drank to wildest excess and then—as of old, "while the flesh was between their teeth, the plague came and smote the fatness of them." I can readily credit the substance of this, at first appearance, incredible story—knowing "satans' devices" to destroy. I give it as it was given me, for what it is worth.

[CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.]

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

JAMESTOWN, KY., Aug. 11.—As we Krebsbers to your paper we beg leave to send you the majorities of the Russell county officers elected at the August election:

J. A. Williams, dem., elected county judge over Daniel Wilson, rep., by a majority of 129. Rev. T. J. Wintey, dem., elected jailor over Vincent Dockery, rep., by a majority of 95. Judge W. S. Stone carried this county for the State Senate over Neat, rep., by a majority of 70. Judge J. B. Stone, dem., carried the county for Representative over B. M. Duncan, rep., by about 77 majority.

WILLIAMS & WILLIAMS, Attorneys at Law.

RELIgIOUS.

A protracted meeting will begin at the Baptist church on the second Sunday in September.

The Tate's Creek Baptist Association will meet with the church at Silver Creek on Tuesday, August 25.

Reports from Tongquin say that 10,000 Christians have been massacred in the provinces of Biendinh and Phuyn.

Revs. Evans and Hopper are conducting a meeting at New Haven, which had resulted in 20 confessions to last account.

Eld. Joe Ballou writes: The meeting at Mt. Carmel, in Laurel, continued 9 days, resulting in 26 admissions to the church. It was conducted by Bro. Stephen Collier and myself.

A Georgia man was so much afraid that his daughter's soul would be lost through the corrodin sin of dancing, that he cut the cords in her feet so that she couldn't learn the waltz step.

Another argument in favor of short sermons comes from Southwestern Kentucky. Just after a preacher had dismissed his congregation at Smithland the ceiling of the church fell in with a great crash and many would have been killed had the sermon been drawn out its usual length.

Mr. Barnes and the editor of the Birmingham Guardian are discussing what the sinner has to do to save! The editor advocates the orthodox method, that is the Jordan is the hard road to travel kind, but Mr. Barnes insists that nothing is required of the sinner but to accept Jesus, which he proved by scripture of the most convincing kind.

The South Kentucky Association of Baptists met Tuesday

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., - - August 14, 1885

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12:30 P. M.
" " South	10 P. M.
Express train" North	1:32 P. M.
" " South	2:05 A. M.

The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

GUY.—Buy your school books from Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

BUY THE HAWAIIAN HOG BACON, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAlister.

A COMPLETE STOCK of jewelry, latest style, Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAlister.

FARMERS, READ THIS.—Go to Dr. M. L. Horne's drug store and get one package of San A. Clark's Hog Remedy. If you are not satisfied after using it your money will be refunded.

PERSONAL.

—MISS ANNIE ALCOON is quite ill.

—MRS. H. T. HARRIS has gone to Estill Springs.

—O. H. WADDELL, Esq., of the Somerset bar, is in town.

—GOV. KNOTT and party passed up to Crab Orchard yesterday.

—MISS J. C. KING was the guest of Mr. Harry Dunn this week.

—MISS ANNIE DUNN went to Lebanon yesterday to visit relatives.

—MISS LUTHER BAILEY is visiting Miss Emma Garrard at Manchester.

—MISS KATE HAYES returned from a visit to Mrs. B. G. Alford yesterday.

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—MISS KATE SINGLETSON, of Louisville, B. W. Broadus, wife and son, of Estill county, are among the guests at Hale's Well for the season.

—JUNIOR R. J. BRECKINRIDGE was here Tuesday when we were glad to hear from him that his wife, who has been very ill for three months, is improving.

—MR. AND MRS. JOE CHENAULT, of Fort Scott, Kansas, and Miss Mattie Chenault, of Louisville, stopped over with relatives here yesterday on their return from Rock Castle Springs.

—THE new principal of the Female College, Mr. A. S. Paxton, left for Virginia yesterday, to return with his family in a few weeks. He made a very favorable impression on every one who formed his acquaintance.

—THE Matamouth Cave Excursionists, headed by the editor and his wife, left on the 20th express this morning, in a special car kindly furnished by Mr. Frank Harris, the obliging train dispatcher. So far as could be ascertained the following ladies and gentlemen composed the party. Misses Sabra Pennington, Sue Rout, Lizzie Bright, Belle Rout, Lizzie and Rhoda Portman, Ada Fellows, Daisy Barnide, Sallie VanDever, Allie Hubble, Katie Calaway, Mary Fogle, Mamie Chenault, Lulu McKinney, Annie and Ella Shanks, Lettie Helm, Mrs. Kate Carithers, Mrs. Lou Shanks, Mrs. Geo. H. Bruce and Messrs. W. H. Higgins, J. S. Hocker, E. H. Hayden, W. B. McRoberts.

LOCAL MATTERS.

FRUIT JARS and cans at lower prices at T. R. Walton's.

FOR SALE—Flat Rails, all pointed Bright & Curran.

BEFORE buying consult us on seed wheat, Bright & Curran.

DEATH.—Mrs. Warren, mother of W. S. Warren, died Tuesday, aged 86.

ELEVEN shares of First National Bank stock for sale. Apply to J. S. Hocker, Pres.

THE official majority of Judge Boyle Stone in Casey and Russell for the Legislature is 154.

THE saw mill of Reynolds & Deering was burned near Waynesburg this week together with a large lot of lumber.

THE Halls Gap Minstrels will give an entertainment at the Rowland church tomorrow night for the benefit of the church. Admission 25 cents.

A BEAR and cub are prowling around in vicinity of Green river in this county scaring women and children. Mr. Eas, Tarrant says that reliable people have seen it.

NEARLY all the accidents from runaway horses are caused by leaving them loose on the streets. Always tie your horse and see that it is not a single tree. There is a five dollar fine for the latter offense.

Mrs. OSIE, wife of Henderson Hawkins, died Wednesday afternoon of consumption, aged 22. She was a member of the Reform church and a true Christian. Her remains were interred yesterday at Sugar Loaf.

AN ASSIGNMENT IN LANCASTER.—Mr. W. O. Riggs, dealer in gent's furnishings, assigned to J. G. Sweeney for the benefit of creditors. Liabilities about \$7,000, assets will exceed liabilities. The failure was caused by depression in trade and delay in collections.

WANTED—500 bushels of Orchard Grass seed Bright & Curran.

WE ARE TO HAVE A CIRCUS AT LAST. Sells Bros. are coming September 21.

THE GOVERNOR'S BALL AT CRAB ORCHARD TO-NIGHT promises to be a grand event.

REFRESHING showers fell yesterday but did not materially lower the torrid temperature.

BUTCH—Two hundred and fifty thousand, hard and well-burned, for sale by Henry Baumgartner.

THE HARROLDING BASE BALL CLUB will play the Stanfords here to day and to-morrow, each time at 3:30 p. m.

THOSE persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please come forward and settle at once as I need the money. H. C. Ripley.

STANFORD FEMALE COLLEGE.—It gives us pleasure to state that the trustees of this institution have leased it for five years to A. S. Paxton, Esq., of Tinkling Spring, Va., a graduate of Washington & Lee University, and highly recommended as a teacher and a Christian gentleman. In addition to the testimonials published with his announcement in our advertising columns, Mr. Paxton bears letters from many prominent preachers and other public men of his state, which testify in high terms to his merits, fitness and success as an educator, and we are satisfied that the Trustees have done exceedingly well in securing him. Mr. Paxton is a member of the Presbyterian church and has a wife and three children. We hope a full school will greet him on the opening day, September 14.

THE Teachers Institute was opened Tuesday with prayer by Supt. J. A. Bogle, Prof. G. A. Yates, of Covington, the conductor, made a short speech outlining his programme and asking the hearty co-operation of the teachers. A. E. McInerney was appointed secretary. The attendance of teachers was small during the forenoon of the first day but soon increased to about 50 representing all portions of the county. The sessions have thus far been very harmonious, and those feeling an interest in the great objects of the Institute seem to be enjoying the occasion. It is to be deplored that our county exhibits so general an apathy in reference to the questions which come before this body for consideration. The most insignificant party issue, the most trivial amusement, the mere social scandal excites a livelier interest in the community than the self-denying, thankless and ill-paid enterprise of elevating the masses, enlightening the common mind, purifying the public morals and relieving the general burden by means of a wholesome and general education.

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A NEWSPAPER FILE.

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire with that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and burial. All the afternoon we had been busy in getting the house to rights, not muddling yet with the things which had been hers and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshines and furniture dusted and rearranged, trying to restore to the rooms that familiar look which they had lost during those weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile custom, as well as inclination, accorded a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone and of each other with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

She sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she would never alter it—one of the wild, old-fashioned kind, with pot hooks and blazing logs, and a back oven at one side. The soot-blackened bricks and faint red glow make a background for my sister's head, with its great twist of fair hair and lily-like slender throat. She is very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollect a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cressella sitting in just such an attitude by the chimney side. She was equally pictureque at that moment, so far as looks go, equally worthy of a peer; but alas! the fairy god-mother was likely to emerge from the ample-room for her benefit. Aunt Iris, who in a small way had envied that part towards us, was gone, and her big rocking-chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of a like emptiness which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to come.

Neither of us spoke for awhile. We were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to look over things, so we saved our words.

Dr. Slade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last nobody could guess, but they held on to it bravely and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step sounded without on the gravel, and with a little tap—courtesy but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—he entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in Aunt Iris's rocking-chair. It was a comfort for him to do that. The house seemed less forlorn at once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?" he asked.

"Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy and are tired to-night, I think. I am glad you are here, John dear, we are getting ready and dismal, Cress and I."

Lorenzo is my name, but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me "Cress."

John adjusted a stick on the embers and, with one daring look sent a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in his own, and, patting it gently, said: "Now let's talk over mottoes. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three."

The "three" was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was "made" Aunt Iris said. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

"Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on.

"Only this," and I brought from between the leaves of the big Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note-paper, on which dear Aunt had staid in her own script: "I find that she left all she had to be equally divided between her sisters, Susan and Lorenzo Penleton. Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brack's, our old washerwoman, were written below as witness."

"Very well," said John. "That's good in law, I fancy; or if not, you're the nearest relations, and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

"She had an annuity of \$25 a year, and \$50 more from some turnpike stock. That's all, except the house and furniture, and there is an income of \$300 on that. Squire Packard left it. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whittle, but refrained.

"Your aunt was a clever manager," he said, "a capital manager. She had a very little goin' on, didn't she? I don't know any else who could live on \$20 a year, with mortgage interest taken off. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden, you know, and the cow, that gave us a third of our living. Aunt was a wonderfull housekeeper, though. I think a great deal of her, to feel wretched when she's gone."

"I wonder if it's men are earning more. A district town vegetables doesn't turn very well, they're up to ground, for marketing, I suppose. Well, my dear girl, you're running up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage you couldn't live on \$50 a year."

"No. And I been thinking what we could do. Sues, Cress, there we havin' spoken to each other about it. I thought teach a district school, perch. And Cress—"

"I could take a place as plan cook. There isn't nothing else I could do well. Plan cooking, with dipping and soap tat ty way of pouched, and I gave a laugh when was asked to be money."

"It's hard," said John, with a moody look on his face, "it was right to it usual frank franking. If I'd made a little money would somethin' else people who can't get it, help it little. It is worth to other people, when it's away without a thought of its value. A thousand dollars now. Any rich man would consider it a mere baratelle in his expenses; but if I could command the sum it would make in there comfortable for life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with \$1,000 if you had it?"

"I'd tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"Oh!"

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him \$600, or \$500 a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out west somewhere, and he'll sell for a \$1,000."

"But John, some people like you better than they do Dr. Langworthy."

"Yes, some people do. But the question is, will they find me better than any other man who buys Dr. Langworthy out? If I were that man I should command both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has his chance to cut me out."

"I say, what can be done?"

"Nothing," with a rueful glance. "That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard when with this miserable \$1,000 I could double my chances and make a nice home for you two. See, darling, don't cry."

She had buried her check down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold everything, all this which hardly left us—the home, everything—couldn't we get the \$1,000? I lacked desper-

ately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you

do that, Cress, in any case. You'll want your share some day yourself, it mightn't go into buying a practice for me. But, apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this won't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced sale. And the furniture, though worth a good deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. This plan wouldn't do at all for any of us."

"Still, there's no harm in thinking about it, and seeing what we have and what it's worth." I urged, loth to give up any ghost of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't we, John?"

"Of course. That is a thing you must do sooner or later. Look over the house and make a list carefully, and we'll consult and fix an approximate values. Don't hurry about it, though. Next week is time enough, and I know you need rest."

"It's the very thing I don't need and can't take," I cried, impetuously; "something to fill up the long days and keep us from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the 'st-to-morrow,' Hunting War."

Sermon in Pa. Cor. New York Times.] Those who have at any time visited any of the mines or coal breakers of the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania could not fail to be forcibly impressed by the large number of boys, many of them of a very tender age, employed in the cellars as drivers of mules and door tenders, and in the screen room as slate pickers. Many of those little men who with their grimy faces and hardened hands look like a strange race of human beings, are under the age of 12 years, but they perform a most important task in the great work of preparing the dusky anthracite for the market. In the mines and drivers these "bony-lads" are invincible. They sing and whistle and laugh and play amid their gloomy surroundings, and they even manage the erratic mule better than most men. They drive the loaded cars from the working chamber to the foot of the shaft upon which the coal is hoisted to the tower of the breaker, and they take the "empty" back to the men who load the coal from the "breast."

As a general thing the boys employed as mule drivers are older and stronger than those who work in the screen room or the breakers. The duties of the latter consist in sorting the slate from the broken coal, which flows in black streams down a number of chutes from the pulverizer machinery in which the gleaming anthracite bubbles are broken into the requisite sizes. The slate pickers sit in rows astride these chutes, their eyes fixed steadily on the broken coal that brushes past them down the steep incline, and their fingers nimly at work picking out the black, dull pieces of slate that are mixed with the glistening anthracite.

"Poor aunty! how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunty took the paper over she is legan—forty five years ago. She never in her life, I suppose, was equal to that moment, so far as looks go, equally worthy of a peer; but alas! the fairy godmother was likely to emerge from the ample-room for her benefit. Aunt Iris, who in a small way had envied that part towards us, was gone, and her big rocking-chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of a like emptiness which we were conscious of in other things, and would feel for a long time to come."

"The ragman will give a penny a pound for it," I suggested; "that's something."

"We'll go the lot of one of these days and see what we can realize," said John. "Good night, children."

It was a ghastly task which we set out to do the next day. The past itself, the faint fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up and enclased in these bundles of time-worn articles with which elderly folk encumber their store-rooms and closed shelves. Some air of antiquity exhales as you open them and mingle with our modern, produces an impression half-haughty, half-sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born collector. She loved old things because they were old, apart from use and value, and instinctive principle combined had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Our lot was a very short one. A few chairs and tables, a dozen tin spoons and a small teapot in silver, this huge newspaper heap which I had appraised at a penny the pound!—these seemed the only salable things; and we looked comely and grimly into each other's faces as we set them down.

"I wish it were possible to eat the intelligence," said I.

"The very newspapers have excellent count ripens," replied Sue—wearer than blankets."

John came as usual in the evening. "Horse's enterprise," he called as he came in. "What is enterprise?"

"The 'Intelligencer'—boshell it, large as life and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the first! That's what I call pluck."

"It isn't," cried Sue, as she drew the paper from its wrapper and laid it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from her pocket our usually little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all that is of any value—the furniture, a little silver and thus worthless intelligence."

She was interrupted by a startling cry. She was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks were flushed pink.

"What is it? What is the matter?" both of us cried in a breath.

"Don't read this! Oh, John, I don't believe it! Read!"

She thrust the paper into his hand, and he read:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The office of the paper, having been transferred to the fire of the evening before, was a mere skeleton, save for a couple of lamps and a chair, and the rest was in ruins. The building, however, was unharmed.

"A thousand dollars?" said Sue. "Oh, John, what a piece of good fortune!" Dear aunt, I fear, is gone a long way, didn't she? I don't know any else who could live on \$20 a year, with mortgage interest taken off. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden, you know, and the cow, that gave us a third of our living. Aunt was a wonderfull housekeeper, though. I think a great deal of her, to feel wretched when she's gone."

"I wonder if it's men are earning more. A district town vegetables doesn't turn very well, they're up to ground, for marketing, I suppose. Well, my dear girl, you're running up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage you couldn't live on \$50 a year."

"No. And I been thinking what we could do. Sues, Cress, there we havin' spoken to each other about it. I thought teach a district school, perch. And Cress—"

"I say, what can be done?"

"Nothing," with a rueful glance. "That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard when with this miserable \$1,000 I could double my chances and make a nice home for you two. See, darling, don't cry."

She had buried her check down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold everything, all this which hardly left us—the home, everything—couldn't we get the \$1,000? I lacked desper-

ately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you

COLLIERY BOYS.

HARDY YOUNG LADS AS MULE DRIVERS AND SLATE PICKERS.

A VOCATION IN WHICH NO SKILLING IS TOLERATED—SEVERITY OF THE "CRACKER BOSS"—GROUND TO DEATH—A HUNTING WAR.

[Sermon in Pa. Cor. New York Times.]

Those who have at any time visited any of the mines or coal breakers of the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania could not fail to be forcibly impressed by the large number of boys, many of them of a very tender age, employed in the cellars as drivers of mules and door tenders, and in the screen room as slate pickers. Many of those little men who with their grimy faces and hardened hands look like a strange race of human beings, are under the age of 12 years, but they perform a most important task in the great work of preparing the dusky anthracite for the market. In the mines and drivers these "bony-lads" are invincible.

The well-known Sutton House, at Williamson, furnished complete, is for sale. Will be sold privately. Any one in need of such a farm can get the particulars by calling on J. Potter on the place or addressing the undersigned at 111 Main Street, Williamson, Ky.

JOHN F. HOLTZCLAW,
Agent for R. H. Smith's Heirs.

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A DESIRABLE FARM CONTAINING ABOUT 100 ACRES OF GOOD LAND.

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